PLAINTS OF THE REJECTED

UNSUCCESSFUL WRITERS SEND IN LETTERS OF CRITICISM.

They Can't Understand Why Their Articles Are Not Accepted—The Reason Plain in Many Cases—Common Failings of Beginners—An Editor's View of It.

An article in the January *Bookman* on "The Short Story Famine" brought to that magazine a deluge of letters from the army of the rejected the country over. Many of these and others written to various magazine editors show interesting points of view on the part of the would-be writers. For instance:

"What do you charge to print stories and what will you charge me to print mine?"

To the editor of a New York all fiction periodical came this:

"Although I have had every story I ever sent to the magazines returned to me, I beg to submit one that has been rejected most frequently to you. If you do not accept it, won't you please explain the reason for your refusal? None of the other editors have done so."

The editor, reading and finding the story to be a 150 word elaboration of a widely quoted Abraham Lincoln's remark, wrote in answer: "What you have submitted is not a story but an amplified epigram."

The writer found his criticism all too helpful. A week later came to him a bulky envelope containing the Lincoln saying, now grown to 1,500 words. Accompanying were two notes, one small, sweetly scented and expressing gratitude, the other reading thus:

"I trust you will now find my story in proper shape to print."

A woman from Chicago, who evidently regarded magazine writing as something to be taken up in as offhand a manner as knitting, wrote:

"About six months ago I decided to take up magazine writing. I studied several of the stories in the leading magazines, by the best authors, and modelled my own stories, paragraph for paragraph, after the ones I had read.

"For my plots I took episodes in the lives of some of my close friends. I have been working as a stenographer in a big law office, and I knew I could save money by being in this position and typewriting my manuscripts myself. Can you tell me why my first three stories have never been accepted?"

Probably no would-be writer has ever gone further than the one who wrote the following to a New York magazine:

"How much do you pay for poetry and what kind do you want? I will write it to order for you and I can handle any topic."

Another letter illustrates the common idea that copy book rule, perfect grammar, construction and punctuation fill the bill:

"I have sent my story to nine magazines without success. I cannot understand it. I have often read lots of worse stories in the magazines. One editor wrote me that the story I sent him had a good idea, but that it was badly written. I can hardly believe this, when I had the story corrected and edited by a friend of mine who is an English instructor at a prominent women's college."

One man who thought that all that was necessary to attain his desired goal was a sufficient accumulation of newspaper clippings.

"Will you tell me," he wrote, "why it is that I have never been able to sell you one of my articles? The article you rejected most recently, dealing with the grain trade in Omaha, was rejected in turn by each of the five magazines to which I had submitted it. I know the subject well, for I have lived in Nebraska all my life and have read and saved every newspaper article ever printed on the subject in the Omaha newspapers."

One of the greatest failings of would-be contributors, say editors, is the promiscuous sending forth of matter, never discriminating and considering the nature of the material published by each particular magazine. A fiction magazine would have had of course to return the article accompanying the following letter, even had it been the best fact article ever written.

"I am sending you," ran the letter, "an article dealing with the fur trade in Alaska which, while not fiction, is nevertheless much stronger than fiction."

And vice versa, the writer of the following letter had sent his love story to a magazine which never uses fiction:

"I recently sent a love story called 'Augusta's Homecoming' to the editor of ——, and he sent it back to me the very next day, obviously not having taken sufficient time even to read it through. Why will the editors persist in their refusal to read the work of young unknown writers?"

Typical of another failing, almost as common, are these two letters sent to the editor of a New York magazine:

"I cannot understand why my fiction stories are never accepted. * * * They are strong and virile and ought to be interesting."

"Inasmuch as I have always handled the red blood subjects in a strong manner I cannot quite understand why my manuscripts never find a purchaser among the magazines."

George Jean Nathan, the compiler of the letters for the *Bookman*, comments:

"The editor in commenting on these letters and the stories to which they referred said: 'Seven out of ten persons who are writing their first stories for possible magazine sale imagine that the adjectives "strong," "virile" and "red blooded" refer alone to killings, gun scraps, murders, suicides and the like. They can perceive no strong story in episodes of the fireplace and rocking chair; they can sense no "red blood" in life away from Alaska.

"'Frank Munsey, if you will remember, once said that when a young writer wished to write a "strong" story he always made it a gloomy one and ended it with a suicide.' The editor then went on to say that the army of the rejected, or at least a considerable portion of the army, worked in the rut of the alleged 'strong' stories, most of which proved on reading to be 'so blamed strong they were weak.'"

Mme. Bovary's Servant.

The other day an old peasant woman, remarkably hearty despite the eighty-two years that have passed over her head, attended the wedding at Rouen of one of her numerous grandchildren. Her name is Mme. Ménage, and she is a celebrity, says the *Gentlewoman*, as she was servant to Delphine Couturier, who, under the name of Mme. Bovary, has been rendered immortal by Gustave Flaubert.

Very likely Mme. Ménage has never read "Mme. Bovary." Possibly she cannot even read. But she has not forgotten her pretty mistress on whom she waited when she herself was still a young, fresh country girl, and every year, on the anniversary of her mistress's death, she deposits a few flowers on the grave close to the little church at Ry.

She has known all the personages in the family drama described by Flaubert. She has known them under other names, under different conditions, but she would recognize them if she could understand the story told in the novel.

Her young mistress sinned and suffered. Fascinating and unprincipled, she scattered misery and trouble around her; but to old Mme. Ménage she will always remain the fascinating creature she knew as far back as 1845.

thedrals and with many excellent photographs, some taken from unusual points.

For the compact, international series of handbooks "Ars Una: Species Mille," which is published simultaneously in half a dozen languages, Prof. Corrado Ricci, Director-General of Fine Arts and Antiquities in Italy, a thoroughly competent authority, has written an admirable little volume, "Art in Northern Italy" (Charles Scribner's Sons). He limits himself to the Po valley practically; Venice, Lombardy, Piedmont and the Emilia, Florence and Umbria, apparently, are left for the volume on south Italy. He deals with every form of art, architecture, sculpture, painting, touching even on that of the present day, a remarkable feat in so small a compass. Brief as the criticisms are they are those of a man who has full knowledge. The book is illustrated with countless minute but clear photographs, which suffice to identify the work of art described, and with some handsome colored plates. The series is useful to the traveller and the art student alike.

An interesting popular account of the musical instruments of bygone days has been written by Mr. Francis W. Galpin in "Old English Instruments of Music" (Methuen and Company; A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago). He traces their history and describes, helping the descriptions out with illustrations from manuscripts or photographs of extant instruments. The list is fascinating: rote and harp, gittern and citole, mandore and lute, psaltery and dulcimer, crowd, rebec and viol, clavichord and virginal, recorder and flute, shawm and pipe, trumpet and sackbutt, tabors and nakers, all these and many other musical terms of antiquarian interest Mr. Galpin explains.

In writing about "Old Country Inns of England" (L. C. Page and Company) the authors, Henry P. Maskell and Edward W. Gregory, seem to take more interest in the antiquarian lore they have gathered than in the inns themselves. They have written popular articles on the origins, illustrating these with specific instances and classifying the inns as manorial, monastic, hospices, town, guild and traders' inns, church inns, and later coaching and wayside inns. They then take up the inns of literature, signboards, inn furniture and such topics, never being exhaustive but always entertaining. In the illustrations they give fully as much attention to new inns, built in imitation of or as improvements upon the old time inns, as they do to the old inns themselves. It is a book that talks about inns rather than a description of inns that exist or were once famous.

Mr. Hornung Without Raffles.

The reader will like the nice schoolboy to whom Mr. E. W. Hornung introduces him in "The Camera Fiend" (Charles Scribner's Sons), will sympathize with his carelessness and will feel indignant at the heartlessness shown by the acquaintances he trusted in refusing to give him shelter. He will be properly excited at the strange murder mystery in which the boy becomes involved. He will feel that he has been taken in, however, when the same boy begins to discuss pathological psychology with a dangerous lunatic and betrays expert knowledge of the art of photography.

After the hero slips off his boyhood the story becomes a mere mystery tale, in which a harassed father, an intuitive detective with his assistant, and an innocent young girl have a share. The best part of the story is the description of the mental processes of the schoolboy; we wish that Mr. Hornung had kept him a real boy to the end.

Novels and Romances.

The difference that may be wrought in a woman's looks by the way she does her hair is brought out strikingly in Justus Miles Forman's story "The Unknown Lady" (Harpers). The source of Henry Trent's inspiration for the five wonderful pictures he painted was a mystery to his friends for a long time. Oddly enough, he was himself in the dark as to the identity of the woman. He believed she was a creature of his dreams. He liked Naïda Castle very well and he married her. The match should have been happy. Perhaps it would have turned out well had Naïda been of a different disposition. There was no question of her love for her husband nor of his devotion to her. Yet she was dissatisfied, and the result of her disquiet was tragic. Had she not followed the course she did Trent might have painted more masterpieces. What he did in the course of his interesting life is recounted by his friend Billy Castle with minute detail. Incidents of student life in Paris, a generous allowance of love making and other interesting things are woven together to hold the reader and explain to him the history of Trent and his bride.

Frank H. Spearman's hero in "Robert Kimberly" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is the head of the sugar industry in the United States. The reader will be reminded of this at frequent intervals in the story. Indeed, the refining, sale and manipulation of sugar is not only the subject of conversation among the men in the book but interests the women mightily. The Kimberlys were very exclusive. Probably this was fortunate. An outsider, unacquainted with the sugar business, would have been unable to understand a great part of their talk. Alice MacBirney was not at a loss, however. Her husband was in the beet sugar trade. Business affairs brought him into contact with Robert Kimberly. That monarch of refiners fell in love with Alice. He kissed her once, quite without solicitation. She was angry about it, but later she forgave him for this rudeness. When at last MacBirney became entirely unbearable Alice expected happiness with Kimberly. But her religion prevented this, and she died, mercifully, we think. His love for Alice made a great change in Kimberly and eventually sent him to the Hawaiian Islands on a mission none of the associates of his early life would ever have predicted.

Walt Bradfield was an earnest, eloquent and devoted socialist and an expert gardener. Miss Marion Moulton, daughter of the rich and materialistic Dave, head of a great plough trust, looked on Walt with contempt when she first saw him. She had met in Italy Feodor de Hohenfels, a Russian nobleman, who wanted to marry her. Dave Moulton regarded him with suspicion, but when he found De Hohenfels was rich the Russian was allowed to wed the ploughmaker's daughter. Even then Marion realized that Walt was the better man. The socialistic gardener's superiority to the musical Russian nobleman became even more apparent when Marion was established in Russia. There her husband was in the Duma, having been elected by a narrow margin over a worthy cow which the Social-Democrats nominated in opposition to him. He did not shine as a statesman. His wife soon found her most pleasant companions among the revolutionists, and her friendships involved her in many dangers. The conduct of the struggle for freedom in Russia is described and the return of Marion to America explained in George Cram Cook's book "The Chasm" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The socialist gardener, after an exciting experience in Russia, sailed on the same ship with her.

In Anne Warwick's "Compensation" (John Lane and Company) the social and political career of Mrs. Sylvester Page will interest the reader. Mrs. Page's husband was Eliachum Page, proprietor of Page's Prize Pigs Feet. When Eliachum died his widow deserted all that had been his except his money and his given name. She went to Washington, where she soon found an appropriate place. She was a person of some importance and had telephonic conversations with Senators, using assumed names to baffle eavesdroppers. One of these Senators was Mr. Harwood, a thoroughly bad lot, who opposed all progressive legislation. Senator Steele, on the contrary, was a good man, with a beautiful and devoted wife, who understood exactly the relations that existed between her husband and the interesting Kathleen Warrens. It was Kathleen who found Harwood's secretary, Olive Traynor, after Harwood's death, and revived that cruelly wronged young woman's spirit. Mrs. Steele died from an accident and Mr. Steele rose to higher place than ever. None of the pushing, scheming, intriguing persons in this very readable book deceived Miss Carter-Sloan. She was wise and experienced and said cutting things, which were unquestionably justified by the conduct of those to whom they were applied.

Those chapters of Pierre Costello's story "A Sinner in Israel" (John Lane Company) which are devoted to a description of the home and social life of the rich orthodox Jews are thoroughly satisfactory. The rigid exclusiveness of Nathan Woolf, the subjection of his daughter to his will, the importance attached to ritual and ceremonial, the unrelenting hatred of the Christians are brought out strongly. The dilemma in which David Solvano was put by the revelation that he was not Lord Solvano's son was most trying. At first he believed that his solicitor, Sir Isaac Goldstein, knew the facts. When this proved not to be the case, David did what most men would have done and said nothing about his parentage. Unfortunately for him Lord Solvano's niece Malka, a strong minded young woman, learned the truth by accident. Consumed by her unrequited love for David she went too far, and David was forced at last to open confession. The effect of his declaration that he was an impostor was tremendous on all Jewry. Sir Isaac Goldstein was much grieved. At this point M. Quesada, the mysterious man who had given a sword to David's son, provided in an underhand way for David's future. That future did not include Candace Leonard, the gifted portrait painter, with whom Bernstein, the art dealer, had made a very one sided bargain. Candace's fate was highly dramatic and should have touched even Bernstein. The explanation of David's parentage will come as a surprise to the reader. Nothing in the earlier portion of the book prepares him for it. Mr. Costello's story is interesting and worth reading.

The pledge that John Gaunt offers to God if his wife's life be spared was a broad and inclusive one. Gaunt, the principal figure in Paul Trent's "The Vow" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), laid the foundation of his fortune in the Congo, and the fulfilment of his vow requires that he shall turn against his Belgian friends in the administration of the Free State. Gaunt is a man of his word, but the misunderstandings, domestic, social and financial, that arise from his effort to keep his solemn promise tax all his powers. As in other enterprises, he succeeds in this one, and the author wisely abandons him before the task of living in all things exactly has become tiresome.

Mr. Baring's Burlesques.

The best of Mr. Maurice Baring's "Diminutive Dramas" (Houghton Mifflin Company) show a light touch, wit or humor, the reminiscences of an easy, agreeable and well bred reading. His thesis, if he could be guilty of anything so positive and pedantic, may be thought to be that human nature is always the same, and nothing as modern as the ancients. His classical memories or revivals are most pleasing perhaps: how that old scoundrel Ulysses "jollied" Iphigenia at Aulis; how the people bidden to dinner by Cæsar's wife threw her over for Lucullus; the conversation of that high Roman epicure with Cleopatra and his cook. Yet the conjugal dialogue between Henry VIII. and Catharine Parr, a conversation beginning with the right boiling of an egg, centring on the color of Bucephalus, and all but taking Miss Parr that was to the block—this too is admirable fooling. Slight stuff enough; mere "journalism" mostly, but guilty of being entertaining.

The Sacred Codfish.

A very interesting book, that might be made much more interesting, has been written by Prof. Raymond McFarland of Middlebury College in "A History of the New England Fisheries" (The University of Pennsylvania; Appletons.) The author seems to have studied all the material, but not to have digested it fully; he seems to waver between a popular presentation of the facts and the tone of a government report, and to care more for the end he has in view, which apparently is an explanation of the fisheries question, than to inform the reader fully on the topics he touches upon. The subject cannot be made dull, however; it deals with matters that will be new to most readers or at least give explanations of things they want to know about. Prof. McFarland seems to have fitted himself to write a real history of the fisheries; we hope he will do so from a broader and more picturesque point of view, relegating to their proper place the industrial and economic aspects that now obsess him.

The story of the first fishermen on the banks and in New England waters, that antedates the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers by more than a century, has not been told yet adequately by a historian of importance. The romance of that tale can be perceived in the chapter devoted to it; why not tell it as it deserves to be told? The description of the various fishing grounds is needlessly dry; even geography and minute accuracy can be made entertaining. When it comes to the accounts of the Colonial fisheries and of the fleets sent out in later days it is the story of the single ports, Marblehead, Gloucester and the rest, that excites interest more than the statistics of the several provinces. And the "story of the fisherman," which, the author says, remains to be written, belongs to history even more than the tale of the fish dealer which appears in his figures. We are glad that he sees the importance of describing the fishing vessels.

The natural history and economics of the fish have been dwelt on very thoroughly in recent books by specialists; the methods of catching them and trading in them may be found in government reports. The summaries of these matters are sufficient for all save those specially interested in them. The account of the disputes over the fisheries should be more full and explicit; the author gives the full text of the Hague decision.

To sum up the author seems to have sketched out his subject on larger lines than could be compressed into a small book. It is a big subject that deserves all the space needed to present it adequately, and we hope Prof. McFarland will be encouraged to do the work. The "tierra de bacallaos" has a history of four centuries that should be told, and the quest for the codfish has called for as exciting adventure and heroic deeds as that for Eldorado or for the Holy Grail. If the tale is told fittingly the sailors of Normandy and Brittany will have their share in it as well as those of New England and the Provinces; it is not merely a story of quintals and dollars. Prof. McFarland in his book indicates what a great story it is; we trust he will tell it as it should be told some day.

A Woman in Mesopotamia.

The spell of the desert is on Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell; she has cast all conventions aside, like Lady Hester Stanhope, in following the track of the Bedouin. By this time she seems to be accepted in the Levant; the officials are no longer startled at a woman travelling alone with her tent and her native drivers, and the people with whom she comes in contract take it for granted that she is their friend and understands their ways. In "From Amurath to Amurath" she tells the story of a venturesome journey from Aleppo down the Euphrates to Babylon and Baghdad, then up the Tigris to Diarbekir and across Asia Minor to Konia and the railroad.

Like Xenophon, in whose track she followed, she recorded her progress day by day, and though she herself was interested in archæological and historical exploration and the notes on those subjects may be of chief importance to scholars, it is the incidents of the daily march that the ordinary reader will care for most. These and the conversations with her men and the people she met are not told as fully as in "The Desert and the Sown;" the novelty of their life and of their opinions has apparently worn off somewhat for her. It was in 1908, after the new Constitution had been proclaimed, and Miss Bell was eager to find out what the people thought of it. We infer that she failed to discover much interest in public matters and that it was especially hard to make out what idea they had of liberty.

At Mosul they heard of the fall of Abdul Hamid. They heard cannon firing and could not make out what the trouble was from the people on the road.

At this moment the cannon ceased, and we saw a party of four or five soldiers riding over the brow. The Arabs and my zaptieh [the soldier assigned as escort] stopped to speak to them, and then turned back with them, coming slowly toward us down the ridge.

"These know," said Fattuh.

They stopped when they reached us, and the moment was big with Fate.

"Peace be upon you," they said.

"And upon you peace," I returned. "What is the news?"

And one answered: "Reshad is Sultan."

"God prolong his existence!" said I.

Upon this we parted, and they went down the hill, and we in silence to the top of the ridge. The silver Tigris and the green plain lay before us, and in the midst the city of Mosul, which had published the accession of another lord.

"Praise God!" said I, looking down upon that fair land.

"To Him the praise!" echoed Fattuh.

And then the zaptieh gave voice to his thought. "All the days of Abdul Hamid," he said, "we never drew our pay."

This gives an idea of Miss Bell's style when she is not learned. She took her camera with her, so that her book is illustrated with many interesting photographs, besides plans and sketches. There is also an excellent map. It is a record of a very unusual journey that will entertain the reader; it contains a mass of information regarding history and art from the time of the Hittites down, for Miss Bell is full of knowledge about all the peoples who have dwelt in the land.

Other Books.

Mr. Seymour Hicks is a popular and successful actor and manager in London. He has known all the actors of note of the last quarter century and a good many other well known persons. In "Twenty-four Years of an Actor's Life" (John Lane Company) he is reminiscent in the pleasant English after dinner style. He knows his professional brothers well enough not to criticise and to set down naught but praise, and his praise is lavish. He tells many amusing stories, not all of which are original with him and some of which have been often repeated. It is a pleasant, chatty book that will serve to revive many theatrical memories.

"In the Soul of the Indian" (Houghton Mifflin Company) Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, otherwise Ohiyesa, a full blood Sioux, tells what the North American Indian really believed. He says little more than other impartial observers of Indian life from the beginning have told, but his statement is perhaps needed now. The zeal of archæologists, their hunting for ritual observances, for legends and folklore, their theories deduced from the remains in burial mounds and totems are obscuring the facts regarding the faith of living Indians that have been recorded from the first meetings with Powhatan and Samoset to those with the remnants on the reservations.

Attached to the report of the Public Printer are two valuable appendixes: "Correct Orthography of Geographic Names," corrected to January, 1911, and "Style Book" for the public printing (Government Printing Office, Washington).

In shorthand more than any other art practice is necessary, so that we fear that many will be disappointed by the promise of "Stenography in a Week," by Oliver McEwan (The United States School of Secretaries, New York). The system has been simplified to a remarkable degree and should make the work of the student much easier. Forty-six small pages contain all the instruction that the author deems necessary, and exercises besides.

A book that has become a classic for musical people, Sebastian Hensel's "The Mendelssohn Family," which contains the record of all that famous family as well as the correspondence of Felix Mendelssohn and his sisters, is published anew by the Harpers in a single volume.

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the business a stately illustrated "Golden Book of the Wanamaker Stores" is issued by John Wanamaker. Besides the history of the business in all its branches, it contains interesting contrasts between conditions in 1861 and in 1911 and many tributes to Mr. Wanamaker from public men.

Books Received.

"The Alchemy of Thought." L. P. Jacks. (Williams and Norgate. Henry Holt and Company.)

"The Conferences and Sermons of John Tauler." Translated by the Very Rev. Walter Elliott. (Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C.)

"The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. IX." (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

"Gray Days and Gold." William Winter. (Moffat, Yard and Company.)

"The History of Parliamentary Taxation in England." Shepard A. Morgan. (Moffat, Yard and Company.)

"Homestead. The Pittsburg Survey." Margaret F. Byington. (Charities Publication Committee, New York.)

"Plain Economic Facts." Ambrose M. Thomas. (Cochrane Publishing Company, New York.)

"Stories of Shakespeare's Comedies." H. A. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

"The Silences of the Moon." Henry Law Webb. (John Lane Company.)

"The Queen of Orplede." Charles Wharton Stork. (Elkin Mathews; J. B. Lippincott Company.)

"A Fair House." Hugh de Senancour. (John Lane Company.)

"Silver Gems in Seas of Gold." The Rev. William Lee Popham. (Broadway Publishing Company, New York.)

"The Steel Workers. The Pittsburg Survey." John A. Fitch. (Charities Publication Committee.)

"Adventure." Jack London. (Macmillans.)

"A Spirit of Mirth." Peggy Webling. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"A Captain of Raleigh's." G. E. Theodore Roberts. (L. C. Page and Company.)

"Sadie, or Happy at Last." May F. Shepherd. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

"Marriage and Divorce." Jeanette Laurance. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

"Le Discours de M. Pichon." D. Voutetakis. (Canea, Crete.)

"Little Rhymes for Little People." P. J. Coleman. (The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio.)

"Ben Stone at Oakdale." Morgan Scott. (Hurst and Company, New York.)

"The Encyclopædia Britannica. Vols. I.-XIV." (Cambridge University Press.)

"Not of Her Race." Nancy K. Foster. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"Mattabesett." S. Ward Loper. (Richard G. Badger.)

"Violet Verses." Lillian Hopwood Ward. (Richard G. Badger.)

"Ægean Echoes." Helen Coale Crew. (The Poet Lore Company, Boston.)

"Minutes of the Executive Council of the Province of New York. Vol. II, Administration of Francis Lovelace." Edited by Victor Hugo Paltsits. (State of New York, Albany.)

"The Solution of the Child Labor Problem." Scott Nearing, Ph. D. (Moffat, Yard and Company.)

"The World of Life." Alfred Russel Wallace, O. M., F. R. S., D. C. L. (Moffat, Yard and Company.)

"Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." Vol. III. Edited by James Hastings. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Yosemite Trails." J. Smeaton Chase. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"A Roman Wit." Paul Nixon. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"The End of a Song." Jeanette Marks. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"The Face of the Fields." Dallas Lore Sharp. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"Wells Brothers." Andy Adams. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

More Feminine Frankness.

From the North American Review.

Marie Hay (Baroness Hindenburg), a young Scotch woman of two great historic families, whose childhood was one of the most extraordinary and tragic with which a future writer of fiction was ever blessed, and an extensive knowledge of the world, has chosen to begin her literary career with the historical novel, or, to be more accurate, the fictional biography; but beyond accepting the form she adheres to none of the popular recipes. With the curious attitude to life that all Americans who have lived in England have observed in men and women of her rank, she assumes that, like the rest of the privileged class, she dwells in a separate and rarefied stratum. No laws exist for her! If she has anything to say she says it, and results are not even considered. Being a consummate woman of the world, however, she exercises this prerogative and causes her diplomatic husband no embarrassment. It is all a question of taste, and probably it is only in women of the world that taste is unerring.

Justice Who Tried Bardell vs. Pickwick.

From the London Graphic.

To the Western Circuit belonged in 1824 Wilde, Coleridge, Cresswell, Crowder and Gaselee, the last named, raised to the bench in that year, being the model taken by Dickens for his Justice Stareleigh, who tried the cause célèbre of Bardell vs. Pickwick. Bompass was another, the son of the original of Sergt. Buzfuz in the same famous case.

There appeared not long ago in a daily paper, says the author of "Pie Powder," a statement that his Honor Judge Bompas had recently presented a lock of the Sergeant's hair to the Dickens Fellowship. The original warmingpan which Mrs. Bardell was implored not to forget has long stood on the landing of a west country hotel frequented by the bar mess. It should be purchased to make the gift complete.